# THE ANTS

## One of the Series of Evening Public Ledger Original Short Stori on Married Life by the Best American Fiction Writers

perfume of roses. magnolia. Water, trickling from a perched ear.

he did not need a big one. sang; slowly, it rose; the flowers whitish thing which looked like a grain, which, in fact was a grain—the grain, perfumed; Peter's soul dilated de- the life spark, the existence itself of this liciously. Far above, in the blue, a agitated nation. hawk circled.

But this did not last. Within the their march and found its starting circle of Peter's carefully established point. The ants had all emerged, they vacuum a small hard thing began to were emerging, from five small holes intrude. The rasp of a rake, there near the excavation; five little holes behind the hedge, at his back. His smaller than the hollow of a wild-oat face darkened and puckered.

He knew who was raking there know; with that implacable vision sacred larva; or, backing up, flercely given to him with life, he also saw. snatching it along after them. Here hind the hedge raking. And though verse way, and which all were without

back, he saw her. there, behind the hedge. She had on their courage, resolutely plunged head the wrapper with the big flower first down into the earth. Peter now than the broom, which he could see out and there, a lone squirming small spot | A reservoir deep within him began hummed about his head, vague, forma cord at the end of which was a god-like witness of just such a catas- his wife was standing by. worn tassel. Underneath the soiled trophe as, in the tenebrous past, again white hem showed of the gown she and again had nearly wiped out his own to share his emotion. "Look at the ants, and eggs. had worn in the night-for from her bed she had gone to her garden. low had established communication with slippers; there would be streaks of slowly down in there; slowly, myster-



James Hopper started his literary career on a San Fran-cisco newspaper. In 1914 he went to France as a war correto this country, and went to the Mexican border with the Ameri-can Army. When we entered the World War he again went to France, still as a correspondent, but he joined in the fight. ing, going over the top with the Twenty-eighth Infantry at Cantienty. He says that this is his main war feat, but that in college he played football.

wet ground across the part of the feet which showed between the flaccid slippers and the soiled gown.

They pressed the earth, these feet, firmly; set down well apart in a solid wide base; they pressed it familiarly. They might-he had seen that-be sunk, in their flaccid slippers, into soft manure, unshrinkingly. Her hair would be tied tight in a

small knot behind. She squatted often over some seed, some weed. She was like a strong thick coolie of the rice paddies.

Peter's face puckered still more. Not with anger, not with disgust, but with a sort of mournful helplessness. Then, abruptly, another vision came to him. He saw her as she had been years ago.

on the far edge of a golden field. She the year of his leaving. was slender, fragrant and soft. Her pretty frock was cut low at the neck; the beginning of her virgin breasts swelled deliciously there. And her eyes, turned up to him, were a little wet, as Venus is at dawn, and the he red chalice of her lips was slightly mouthed.

DETER squirmed uneasily; the helpless desolation deepened still on his

But a sharp prick at his right calf ade him deliver a large slap there. Late from all sides was attacking the Lafe from all sides was attacking the retreat of reverie in which so snugly he had tried to ensconce himself, From beneath his slap a small ant dropped crushed to the ground. But she was not the only one about. An army of ants was passing close to his feet; so close, in fact, that they swirled about these extremities as a host, following a valley, doubles some rocky El Capitan. Peter hastily withdrew his feet. Enceling down, stretching his rather long neck, he proceeded to observe what was happening. And observing, soon had removed himself utterly from the rate's dry reminiscent scratching.

removed himself utterly from the partial window. At the corner of the partial window. At the corner of the open window. At the corner of the o

DETER left the studio, where he | ment was a double one. Hundreds of had been painting steadily for thousands of the small carapaced creasours, and stepped out into the gar- tures were marching from the hole to the den. It was full moon; he blinked hedge; but as many were marching from under the high sun and stretched, their way in and out of each other's still a little dazed from his long course, the two movements interpeneplunge in toil; he inhaled full the trating each other. And bringing his long nose still lower. Peter saw that all A short distance from him, on the this had a character of panic and disedge of the driveway, was a big may; that, had this multitude not been hole-dug, he surmised, to receive denied voice, a great confused clamor some transplanted bush, lilac or would be rising from it to his high-

hose that stretched like a black of the excavation, every one was laden. snake across the lawn, was making Carrying it high in their mandibles for of this excavation a small lake. Peter short exhausting runs, or dragging it stepped to the little gurgling lake, fiercely after them; over sticks that and sat himself contentedly near its were great logs to them, or pebbles bank. A small lake sufficed Peter; that were Himalayas; skirting or piercing clumps of grass which were impene-It was lovely here. The water trable jungle, they bore each a small Peter ran a glance backward over

straw. Out of them, ceaselessly, in a constant trickle, they appeared into the sunlight, carrying on high before behind the hedge. Not only did he them, as the monk does the cross, the It was his wife who was there be- those of the army who marched the rebehind the hedge, which was at his burden, met those that were coming out and, letting them pass, after a mo-He knew exactly how she looked ment's hesitation during which they kind. The water, which was filling the ants. excavation dug in the garden, from belously, inexorably; filling the lowest chambers, rising along the galleries, bursting into halls; and the population, in mute uproar, was fleeing its

Peter's heart thumped and his brain derground city, its vast balls and dim Come-let's sweep them off." in, and thousand upon thousand every second died. He saw the stubborn citizens, in this immense dissolution of all their nation. Why, it would be as if their nation. Why, it would be as if their nation are city destroyed by they had ever been sure of, tenaciously toiling to snatch from this cataclysmic threat the future of the race, the grains which were the concentrated promise of future generations. Down there, at which were the concentrated promise of "It will every heart beat, thousands died a sacrificial death; down there, under ground, a great holocaust was taking ground, a great holocaust was taking place, made splendid by a myriad herolism. Peter became much excited; he me watch it!"

But the broom was now out of his at his state.

But the broom was now out of his at his state.

He had see

D broom now planted itself down at pullulating life stretched across the seen his side; and without looking at more drive, there was nothing left but, here ing?

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY



He saw her as she had been years ago. She was waiting for him at a stile. She was slender, fragrant and soft. Her frock was cut low at the neck; the beginning of her virgin breasts swelled deliciously there. And her eyes, turned up to him, were a little wet, as Venus is at dawn

there. Then: "Ants! I should think tion, shrunk himself to the size of the brought the accumulated reserve higher, had passed when suddenly, like a Her bare feet were in old brown the city of the ants. It was rising there were! Why, they'll get into the ants; or, rather, he had swelled them Like some alchemist's brew boiling on mirage descended from the sky, an house! Let's kill them!"

> said. "It's an extraordinary sight. Then, as the daze left him, a violence crumbling city, hugging tight to itself It's like Sodom, Babylon, Atlantis all took its place. He faced her, he wanted neath; nearer his clear consciousness; eyes, her gentle breasts. rolled into one !"

"Yes-and they'll be in the pantry, wanted to say was something irreparflamed. He saw clearly the great un- next. It'll be Babylon in the pantry, able. But no words came; his throat had done it-it had brin.med! Clearly As she stood there, that time long secret chambers, its interveined galler- The broom stirred in his hand; he ing blank.

ies vibrant with peril and disaster. He detained it. "Don't. They are the rushing waters. Walls fell in large have seen thousands of their mates

BUT a broom, a big, capable garden broom now planted itself down at pullulating life stretched across the seen nothing at all? Had she felt noth-

JACK O'JUDGMENT

"Look, Daisy." he said, inviting her a film made of dust, dead and mangled by drop, for years. Several times it ter was the kernel fact.

to his dimensions; so that the terrific the fire, it rose nearer the margin, image came clearly before his eyes. to speak, and he knew that what he nearer his mouth-his tongue, his lips.

heard the sullen roar of sudden in
survivors of a terrible disaster. They bear the survivors of a terrible disaster. They have seen thousands of their mates

PETER turned on his heel and walked bear and walked out of the garden flakes, ceilings collapsed, floors sucked swept to horrible death. They are safe, and up the path which led to the vil-

above him looked down with amazement He had seen something so clearly;

had surged as it was now doing. But

For a moment, stupor alone possessed only with a tentative pulsing which did had called her.

And suddenly, with a new effort, it was forced to ask himself a question. them, spoken loud. "Cruel-and stupid!"

That was it. "Cruel and stupid!"
Three times he heard the words spoken

a sacunder riedly, trying a more intimate appeal, taking the feet as if poisoned. His head was hot, he trembled; and a singular part of him, the lips, but explosively expelled by detached and wraith-like, hovering his autical action after all those years. To this he had come after all those years.

To those words, spoken not merely of the lips, but explosively expelled by detached and wraith-like, hovering his autical actions to after all those years.

every cell, every nerve.

These words, final judgment. "Cruel-and stupid!

THE glade was very quiet in the sun,

pattern; it was tied around her with understood. He was the witness, the of the corner of his eye, he knew that indented into the ground; and on the to surge. It was a reservoir which less, buzzing thoughts, circling and surface of the water in the excavation, had been filling there in the dark, drop circling. But always fixed in the cen-"Cruel and stupid"-that is what he

There was a moment's silence up Peter. He had, during his contempla- not reach the rim. Now each surge It seemed to him that a long time

He stretched out his hand and turned completeness of the execution performed collapsed and rose again. But each of It was that picture of her as she his fingers around the broom handle, by these three simple sweeps of a simple its ebullitions was raising it higher; had been years ago. Standing at the "Get down here with me and look," he broom left him profoundly astonished. nearer to the film which curtained his stile on the edge of the golden field. consciousness from the dark secrets be- with her red mouth, her dewy star-like

> was altogether tight, his mind a whirl- he heard the words spoken in the silent ago, so pretty, so tender and so warm, sunlight. The little glade resounded to and his arms ached, was she then, already, what today he had called her? If that were true, then woman were

He contemplated this long, and then

indeed terrible. But if not true-what then? A strange new kind of discomfort took frighted, shied to one side, tried to bolt. He forced it back to the path. "Consider." he said to his mind. "Consider—you must consider that."

Her life, immediately, passed by him shut me out so much!"

n one strenk. Her life since their two Settl leter: "And I lives had been side by side. He squirmed. A drab life it was, a drab streak of life. Poverty—to dullness—more

-smallness.
And loneliness. Yes, very probably.

By Edgar Wallace

He had cultivated it, enriched it. He "I accept. I am getting old." had colored it, chiseled it, cherished it. one does, Peter. I am willing to Like a diamond cutter absorbed, with- old." out cease he had ground it to new iri-

She whispered now.

He pressed her closer, but

"You, Peter-you are such a

This a child? A strange child!

gathered her in his arms, and

see straight, which could not see d

NEAR the end of the day, Peter so once more alone in the garden.

we feel whenever we have made

gesture of plumbing life's em

depths. As if there were son

wrong about it, something unnat

as if life were meant to be lived ale

He felt the need of levity. That

what, perhaps, made him rememb

A slight breeze, ruffling the

"Where did they come in?" be

He and his wife had this day m

one of those complete circles while

almost at certain intervals. From

state of hostility into which they be

slipped, through a crisis, to a rener

happy once more, Daisy and be.

what about the ants? Where did the

come in? It was over their backs the

had happened. They had paid for k

An idea come to him. He raised be

Whenever he did this, senso

painter that he was, he was much ner

apt to visualize the old, familiar Gra

deities than any more abstract, sind

and terrible god. So he did this time.

made a low floor of the heavens, a

on that floor, Peter imagined the

democratic, familiar, with robes a litt

"Heigh, up there. Zeus. Hera, Vers.

"When, down here, the earth shahe

mountains slide, or the sea overflows.

"When, down here, there is a Ne

flood, a San Francisco earthquale; when China dances and Saint Plens with one belch of its volcano is blasted.

"Does this mean, merely, that we there, where you dwell, some marital difficulty is being resolved?"

But from the gray celling-celling

him, floor to them—there came no the swer whatever. So Peter ended the

day knowing not much more than he had at the beginning. And in the state, smiling a philosophical minturned his steps toward the house, state dinner which his good little when the had there just put down for him.

walking-Zeus, Hera, the whole rale

disordered and wreaths a little and

all of you, tell me, please!

A fog had come in from the sea;

Didn't they count at all?

face to the skies.

He hailed them.

gentleness of each other. They

as if by some natural law, recu

ginning of the afternoon.

what had passed in the afterno

felt something like embarrassn

bot delirium.

surface.

himself.

even willing to die!"

He had climbed a hill, ceaselessly desolate helplessness had come climbed a bill carrying his soul. And left hers down there like a stone. And time had worked its will upon the aban- Peter! How you shut your ex doned soul. Duller and duller it had fight! Trying to hold what can become with layer upon layer of dull held. And hating me because I For I can't, Peter, I can't!"

PETER did not go up to the village. a child. Since in children was dom. Was this wisdom? A spa toward home he made his way, at first revolt tightened his heart. on hesitant feet which little by little But she was weeping again quickened their gait as a foolish fear softly against his breast. He pricked him.

He found her lying across her bed, her this gesture felt a new large head, face down, framed within the intertwinement of her arms and her long not only for her, but for many of loosened hair. She was asleep; by the for the whole world. The whole gentle slow pulsing of her, he knew she purbind, peering world which couls

Her cheek was flushed and bruised; which suffered dimly, in a sort of the she had been weeping.

One look at her, one glance about the room, and he knew exactly what had happened; saw it as though it had happened before his eyes.

She had come in hurriedly; hurriedly she had come in hurricum to dress. She slight distante, that strange revul had laid out fresh, best things. Some already clothed her; others were about, scattered on chairs, across open draw-

She had gone about doing this in a trepidation of haste, as a child des- gether on the surface, carefully on the perately hastens who has been threatened by its parents with being left behind. And hurrying, she had been crying; sobs had sounded in this lonely ants; the ants which had been the room as she hurried.

Finally, to a larger burst of wee, coming probably from some last small had pushed together the dust, the dastraw (perhaps one of her shoes had straw (perhaps one of her shoes had straw (perhaps one of her shoes had been and the eggs in a pitiful dead had refused to button, or some hook had been against a bank. found without an eye, or some ribbon had slipped back into its sheath) she had thrown herself across the bed to give way, altogether uncontrolled. And weeping thus, had fallen asleep.

Standing there, his eyes upon this past scene which he saw so well, Peter remembered that which he ever promised himself to remember and which ever he forgot. That she was a child. After all, but a child.

As in the days when she had waited for him at the stile, so now she was a child. The rest-the robust matron's ready, almost rough assurance; its firm contempt for all that which was haze and halo and opalescence and not core -all that was mere front. She was a

He should remember that always. Of course, he should always remember it.

DETER lay down by his wife, and L found her hot lips, and awakened her; she clutched at him convulsively. They murmured together: "I'm sorry, Peter: I'm sorry."

Then later: "Peter, you do so madden me at times, dear. With your airs -no, I don't mean that. But you do shut the door upon me, Peter-you do

Still later: those that like the flowers but not the Poverty-to dullness-monotony

"I know. dear. I know."
"Peter, listen: I am of the earth. I

accept. THE glade was very quiet in the sun, ing and curling his soul. He had been above."

Thoughts also a coxcomb of the soul!

Thoughts also a coxcomb of the soul!

A fool place, in between. I know." "I know, dear. Not far above, either

weapon that killed him. Three times

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Counterfeit Intentions BY JOHN BLAKE

THE old-fashioned preacher used to "Might as well be hung for a sheep There goes that drum again, Tom. Do as a lamb, Tom," said the colonel. payed with good intentions. replacing the weapon, and turning the Perhaps a few genuinely good into ions do now and then find their

breather used to depict. But it takes considerable analysis determine whether an intention is

If they could be candled, like essent that appear even to the owner

to be sound, would turn out to counterfeit.

As a rule if one really means to just and fair, no matter at what con

F HE merely thinks he means to these things, he will be very discouraged in carrying out his intions, which is sufficient proof

they were bogus.
It is easy for a child asked dinner to say that he isn't going to for a second piece of cake, or ever wistfully at the cake plate as it is

passed.

But when the cake is actually front of him and appetite is gua within, he finds out that his intention were not the real thing, and usually gets the cake.

The boy who is told not to go with ming thinks, as he solemnly yows to he will not, that he is perfectly home

BUT somewhere down deep withis his hot enough, and the other boys are going, he will go along, and try

whether he will continue working to bring to justice those people whom the law cannot touch."

"Heaven only knows," said Stafford, "but I'll admit that Jack o' Judgment," and none of these serve for flooring any of the places of future existence.

To be continued Monday Copyright, McClure Newspaper Syn

#### would have cringed at the colonel's up- | "If you want the film, I put it in my fore he deposited a dozen shallow tin | He put his hand in the inside of his pantry, underneath the silver cupboard. boxes on the desk. coat, as though searching for a pocket-"There they are," he said. "Now book, and so quick was he that the man.

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY COLONEL DAN BOUNDARY, fat, coarse-grained but uncaunity clever leader of a gang of crooke, has become alarmed at receipt of a knave of clubs, signed "Jack o' Judgment." after several of his exploits, all of which are subtily devised to enrich him without risking the law's penalties, He trues to disarm suspicious gathering around him by complaining to TAFFORD KING, of the London Criminal Intelligence Force. INTO SILVA, a sleek man about town, forces his attentions on an actress, who forces his attentions on an actress, who rebugs him. She is MAISIE WHITE, daughter of Solly White, one of the gang who wishes to refire. She is interested in Stafford.

LOLLIE MARSH, a doll-faced but clever girl, who acts as "vamp" of the blackmaling gang.
SWELL" CREWE, once a gentleman.

WHAT was Snow Gregory's real name? If he could find that, he find Jack o' Judgment. Slowly, as though with a sense that

the great discovery was imminent, he tore open the letter and pulled out the three foolscap pages which, with a covering note, constituted the contents. There were two lists of names of graduates who had passed out in the year which, if Snow Gregory spoke the truth She was waiting for him at a stile, in a moment of unusual confidence, was

The colonel's finger traced the lines one by one, and he finished the first list without discovering a name which was familiar. He was half way through the second list when he stopped and his finger jumped. For fully three minutes sat glaring at the paper open-uthed. Then: "Merciful heaven!" he whispered.

He sat there for the greater part of an hour, his chin on his hand, his eyes an nour, his coin on his hand, his eyes glued to the name. And all the time his active mind was running back through the years, piecing together the evidence which enabled him to identify Jack o' Judgment without any shadow

He rose and went to his bookcase and took down volume after volume. They were mostly reference books, and for some time he searched in vain. Then were mostly reference books, and for some time he searched in vain. Then he found a year book which gave him the data he wanted and he brought it back to the table and scribbled a few upter. These he read through a few up in affright. notes. These he read through and care-

fully burned. He finished his labors with a bright look in his eye and strutted into his look in his eye and strutted into his bedroom ten years younger in appearance than he had been that afternoon. He put out all the lights and sat for a little while in the shadow of the cuftain, watching the street from the open window. At the corner of the block a street band was playing, and he was surprised that he had not noticed the fact.

Very keenly he scrutinized the street for some sign of a lurking figure, and



"Well, Tom," said Boundary, pleasantly, "Come back for the pickings."

the light of a street lamp and melt into site side of the road. He went into his bedroom and brought back a pair of night glasses, and focused them upon chuckled and went out of the flat

He chuckled and went out of the flat into the street, turning southward. He did not go far, however, before he stopped and looked back, and his patience was rewarded by the sight of a figure crossing the road and entering the building he had just left.

the building he had just left.

The colonel gave him time, and then retraced his steps. He took off his business as you have. Things are pretty bad with me, and I think the least you can do is to give me something to remember you by."

The colonel did not answer. Apparently his thoughts were wandaring the said; door closing and grinned again. the intruder time to get inside before he, too, inserted his key, and, turning it without a sound, came into the darkened hall. There was a light in his room, and he heard the sound of

up in affright.
As Boundary had suspected, it was his former butler, the man who had deserted him the day before without a deserted him the day before without a word. He was a big, heavy-jowled man of powerful build, and the momentary look of fright melted to a leer at the sight of the colonel's face.

"Well, Tom," said Boundary pleasantly, "come back for the pickings?"

"Bomething like that, guv'nor," said the other. "You don't blame me?"

"I've been pretty good to you, Tom," said the colonel.

d the colonel.
'Ugh! I don't know that I've any-

'Oh, don't you, Tom?" said Boundary softly. "Come, come, that's not

ery grateful." "What have I got to be grateful to ou for?" demanded the man. "Grateful that you're alive, Tom,"

said the colonel and the servant's face went hard. "None of that, colonel," he retorted, "you can't afford to talk fresh with

you than you suppose. You think I've turned." I shall not move from the chair, got no brains." "I know you have brains, .Tom,"

said the colouel, "but you can't use after you for four or five years and doing your dirty work, colonel, without picking up a little intelligence and a little information! You'd look funny if they put me in the witness

He was gaining courage at the very stood in terror.

"So you've come for the pickings?"
said the colonel, ignoring the threat.
"Well, help yourself."
He went to the sideboard, poured himself out a little whisky and sat down by the window to watch the man search.

Tom pulled open another drawer and closed it again. "Now look here, colonel," he said;
"I haven't made so much money out of
this business as you have. Things are

parently his thoughts were wandering.
"Tom," he said after a while, "do
you remember three months ago I bought a lot of old moving-picture films?"
"Yes. I remember," said the man, surprised at the change of subject.
"What's that to do with it?" "There were about ten boxes, weren't

"A dozen, more likely." said the man npatiently. "Now look here, colonel, impatiently. "Wait a moment, Tom. I'll discuss

your share when you've given me a lit-tle help. Meeting you here—by the tle help. Meeting you here—by the way. I saw you out of the window, skulking on the other side of the street—has given me an idea. Where did you put those films?" The man grinned.
"Are you starting a moving-picture ompany, colonel?"

"Something like that," replied Boundary; "it was the band that gave me the idea really. Do you hear what an infernal noise that drum makes?" The man made a gesture of impa-"What is it you want?" he asked.

I suppose now that the partnership's broken up you don't object to me tak- tell me what's the game." ing the silver? I might be starting a "First of all," said the colonel, were you serious when you suggested the colonel fired. The man slid in an

little house of my own." "Certainly, certainly, you can take that you know something about me that inert heap to the ground. the silver," said the colonel genially. would be worth a lot to the police? "Bring me the film." you know what use that drum is to

The man was half way out of the room when he turned round. "No tricks, mind you," he said, "no

om. You don't seem to trust me."
The ex-valet made two journeys be-

#### Gwan to Bed Story -By J. P. McEVOY

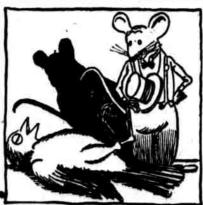
OSCAR CANARY'S REVENGE: Once upon a time, dear children, there was a mouse named Mrs. Christopher Mouse, who lived with her husband Christopher in a hole under the stage of Orchestra Hall. Naturally they had a season ticket to all the concerts and soon became passionately fond of them. As the months went by they became more and more appreciative of the finer points and delighted in the newer and more radical symphonies. (Johnny, get off the piano.)

BUT one day the maternal instinct overwhelmed Mrs. Christopher Mouse and together with Mr. Christopher Mouse they moved from Orlived a canary bird who sang all day long. You might wonder why daddy said unfortunately when we all know the Christopher Mouses loved music. But the canary bird-his name was Oscar ular canary songs and ballads, such as "I've Got the Cuttle Bone Blues" and such things. Naturally the Christopher Mouses, who had lived on symphonies for months, couldn't stand it, and since Oscar Canary wouldn't stop, Chris-topher Mouse to revenge himself used to steal into Oscar's cage at night and swipe all his birdseed.

And, sure enough, Oscar's chance came. body may be passing on the street.)

A man appeared in the apartment one day and Oscar overheard him talking vengeful, unless you are a mouse.

with the mistress. Something about That's all. Gwan to bed.



too many mice and we'll leave some of nearby where a nest was contrived and a small family of mice was procured from a nearby Mouse Stork. Unfortunately in the same apartment there tunately in the same apartment there was procured for the Christopher Mouses I'll take it myself and be revenged on them. And identify some of the jewelry—you rethe thought made him so happy he immediately began singing at the top of his voice, "I Want to Go Back to My Dear But Old Mammy in the Canary Islands.'

A ND, dear children, that very night while Christopher Mouse was resneaking into his cage and stealing his birdseed, Oscar was revenging himself on Christopher by stealing the food the man left for Christopher to eat. But, alas for Oscar, the food the man left was POISON. Yes, poison, and it killed poor Oscar deader than a salted

OF COURSE, dear children, that was naughty, and Oscar swore he'd be revenged, which was also naughty. And, sure enough, Oscar's chance came. A man appeared in the apartment on the passing on the source of the passing of the pas

body over; he took the scarfpin from his "I don't know," replied the man. own tie and fastened it in that of the me. I know a great deal more about doing funny business when my back's "Of course I meant what I said. And dead man. Then he took his watch and what's this stuff about the drum?" "Why, the people in the street can chain from his pocket and slipped them hear nothing when that's going," said in the waistcoat pocket of the other. He had a signet ring on his little finger, and this he transferred to the finger of the limp figure.

Then he began opening the boxes of old films and twisted their contents about the floor, pinning them to the

about the floor, pinning them to the curtains, twining them about the legs of the chairs, all the time whistling. He found a candle in the butler's pantry and planted it with a steady hand in the heap of celluloid coils. This he lighted with great care and went out, closing the door softly behind him. Half an hour later Albermarle Place was blocked with fire engines and a dozen hoses were playing in vain upon dozen hoses were playing in vain upon the roaring furnace behind the gutted walls of Colonel Dan Boundary's resi-Stafford King was an early caller at Doughty street, and Maisie knew, both by the unusual hour of the visit and

by the gravity of the visitor, that some thing extraordinary had happened.
"Well. Maisic," he said, "that's the
end of the Boundary gang—the colonel "Dead?" she said, open-eyed.
"We don't know what happened, but

identify some of the jewelry—you re-member the police had it when he was arrested, and we kept a special note of it for future reference She heaved a long sigh.
"That's over at last. It is the end
of a nightmare," she said, "a horrible,

horrible nightmare. I wonder-What do you wnoder?"

has been a most useful person so far as we are concerned. We should never have collected Pinto or Selby, or even the colonel, but for Jack. By the way,

going, he will go along, and traceplain it afterward.

An intention that is not 100 per proof is not a good intention, any mention after a good intention, and than a five-dollar bill which is not a good bill.

WE ARE largely a self-deceived of the not always what we really me there is, no news of Crewe and the girl."

To be continued Monday

To be continued Monday

To be continued Monday

To be continued Monday To be perfectly honest with ou

Copuright, 1988